

[137] morula tree (*Sclerocarya caffra*), from which such delightful cider is
 [272] made. In the distance you hear the hoarse note of a *phala-fala* horn, then
 the shrill ululations of women. They come nearer. You can hear them
 about the words, 'Malematsha wee, Malematsha wee; budi ga dzwala ga
 [533] dzwala ga folja, ga vutla vuphabalemi' (Malematsha, Malematsha, the
 goat I bore, I bore and miscarried, as a goatling I returned)—the praise
 431 song of a district in Vuloedu. Then at a bend in the road you come upon
 a picturesque procession: in front walks a man, blower of the horn, followed
 by twenty women each with a calabash of beer placed in a basket on her
 head, a gift to the queen from the area of Malematsha. Perspiration runs
 down their faces; but they do not lose courage, for before they arrive at
 at their destination they will sit down by the roadside to quench their
 thirst from one or two of the calabashes they carry. Any one who then
 happens to pass will beg for a little, and he will not beg in vain.

576 You continue your way. A pigsty and an ash heap mark the approach
 • [564] to a village. A passer-by, spying a woman about her household duties,
 shouts her greetings, 'Re fithulemi' ('Still our hunger') to which comes the
 reply, 'Fithulelani aenu,' a conventional refusal, but equivalent to 'Be
 hungry nicely' or 'Still your own hunger.' A second woman supplements
 it with the information, 'We have only just put on the pot.' If the food
 had been ready or the woman had wished to give the passer-by a tit-bit,
 the reply would have been, 'Here is food. We are eating.' That one of
 the ways of greeting should be associated with the begging of food is
 typical of the Lovedu. Some one returning from a visit to another area is
 greeted with, 'What are they eating over there,' or 'What are they stinting
 us of,' and the reply invariably is, 'They are being killed by hunger,' even
 if there is plenty and you have been royally entertained. There are greet-
 ings associated with activities: if you pass a man or woman working in
 the fields, you say, 'Workers,' and the modest reply is, 'We are hardly
 working at all'; to a woman carrying wood, you say, 'A di veyi dikhwaye'
 ('Let the wood return') and the reply is, 'Di veyile' (It has returned). In
 fact, learning to greet people politely in the Lovedu language is not at all
 the simple thing it is in English.

621 At last you find yourself before the village of Raselaka, larger than any
 789 of those you have passed on the way and, unlike many of them, sur-
 rounded by a thick hedge of thorny *leucosia* bush (*Pterolobium esuuum*).
 At the entrance you trip over a slate-coloured river-stone, jutting out a
 few inches above ground. This is a charm, laid when the village was
 built, to keep out the witches; it makes them cool, causing them to forget
 their evil designs. It is part of a more comprehensive scheme for the
 [117] protection of the village: the gate posts are of special wood (*Akhalo* or
 824 *modutu*, *Celtis Kraussiana*) smeared with medicines on the day they were
 set up; round the circumference are medicated pegs (*diphaba*) of *Akhalo*,
 the whole being completed by the magic circle drawn by the sister or
 father's sister, if she is still alive, who drags a 'doctored' branch of
 thorny *mukhalo* (*Zizyphus mucronata*) round the circumference. If this
 is not done by her before the doctor begins his work, it must be done
 subsequently, when the precaution of smearing the soles of her feet with
 medicine is taken lest by entering she 'opens up a way for witches'. The